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has its limits. A company with one private would be as ridiculous as the hen with one chick.

More Hearstism

The chairman of the Shipping Board is reported to have told the House Committee on Appropriations that he was in doubt as to what to do with the Leviathan which for twenty-three months past has lain at her former German pier in Hoboken as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. But unlike a painted ship, whose value the increment of time increases according to the artistry and fame of her creator, the marvelous contrivances of steel which are the shuttles of modern commerce and communication begin a career of depreciation from the instant they are launched. To preserve them to their ordained uses for an allotted time means a war that can know no truce. In commission or out of it, this "keeping up" must go on.

By the ninth day of next month it will have cost the people of the United States just \$1,500,000 to maintain the Leviathan at Hoboken, irrespective of the cost of warpage. She was turned over to the Shipping Board from our troops service on September 9, 1919.

The Shipping Board could have sold the Leviathan in the summer of 1920 for \$3,500,000. But on the eve of consummation of the sale one William Randolph Hearst intervened with an injunction proceeding.

The government was being robbed! The "pec-pul" were being despoiled! All of the stops and pedals in the organ or organs of Hearstism were brought into use. Clamor unsentenced reason for a little while. In the interim the bottom dropped out of the market in which ships are bought and sold. It has been dropping a little further and further every day since then. And meanwhile the American people have been paying the bill.

We can understand the doubt by which the Shipping Board head is assailed when he thinks of what he can do to rid himself of the white elephant of Hoboken. We sympathize with him, but it will take more than sympathy to aid him in a solution of his problem.

Why not submit the disposal of the Leviathan to Mr. Hearst? Has Mr. Lasker ever thought of sending him a bill?

A Country Editor

On August 3 occurred a most interesting centenary—the 100th anniversary of the Lyons Republican, faithful friend and spokesman of the good people of Wayne County, where apples and cider come from. For twenty-four years its editor has been stout-hearted Charles H. Betts, who may be properly saluted as one of the few surviving members of the glorious race of country editors, a breed that for many years came near being the true rulers of America.

In early colonial days, in New England at least, the preacher was the most influential man in the community—laid down the law on week-days as well as on Sunday. Then, in the era of stocks and small clothes and powdered wigs, power passed to the leading family. Next, after the Jacksonian revolution, after a brief period of hegemony by tavern brawlers, the scepter passed to the country editor, and long he wielded it.

The country editor let the lawyers, with their vocal fluency, occupy the offices, but he bossed them. The first call a visiting politician made was where the sound of the Franklin press was heard. The sanctum listened and judged. Its presiding genius was close to his people—he knew his folks. He was guide and counselor, for his information, at least concerning matters political, was widest. He wrote, and he wrote well, in days when there were fewer writers, but also fewer smatterers. He took his job seriously. His constituency looked to him and he led it straight. Horace Greeley gained his amazing influence largely because he was a sublimated country editor—he spoke the vernacular and shared the psychology of his fellow craftsmen.

It is sad to note that the country newspaper has declined and that its interest now too much centers in getting job printing. Some attribute the decline to "patent insiders" and others to a transportation system that brought in the city daily. However it was, it would be foolish to deny a falling away. Only here and there survives a country editor of the virility of Charles H. Betts. He has been able to triumph over adverse circumstance.

But where old-fashioned country editors still exist one is pretty sure to find a sound type of Americanism prevailing and country boys going to college to work their way through. And the local editor, even more than the school teacher, is the inspirer. So the Tribune extends its felicitations to Brother Betts. On many occasions its course has not had the good fortune to command his whole-

hearted approval. He has lectured us fiercely, but always sincerely and in man fashion. With such, controversy breeds respect. It is of small consequence when matters are looked at in retrospect to remember that at times the shell of an opponent seemed a wee bit too hard and thick. Brother Betts by a life-time of honest service richly deserves all the honors the community which knows him best is showering on him.

Seizing Run Runners

In his decision supporting the seizure of the Harry L. Marshall, so called rum runner, the Attorney General says that the United States has the right to seize vessels violating its customs rules within twelve miles of shore. On the point Wheaton's International Law declares:

"The revenue laws of the United States, for instance, provide that if a vessel bound to a port in the United States, shall, except from necessity, unload cargo within four leagues from the coast, and before coming to the proper port for entry and unloading, and receiving permission to do so, the cargo is forfeit and the master incurs a penalty (Act 2d, March, 1797, §27); but the statute does not authorize a seizure of a foreign vessel when beyond the territorial jurisdiction. The statute may well be construed to mean only that a foreign vessel, coming to an American port, and there seized for a violation of revenue regulations committed out of the jurisdiction of the United States, may be confiscated; but that to complete the forfeiture, it is essential that the vessel shall be bound to and shall come within the territory of the United States after the prohibited act. The act done beyond the jurisdiction is assumed to be part of an attempt to violate the revenue laws within the jurisdiction."

"Under the previous sections of that act it is made the duty of revenue officers to board all vessels for the purpose of examining the papers within four leagues of the coast. If foreign vessels have been boarded and seized on the high sea, and have been adjudged guilty, and their governments have not objected, it is probably either because they were not appealed to or have acquiesced in the particular instance from motives of comity."

So it is necessary for the rum runner to stand off at least twelve miles, or to furnish evidence that it was but passing by our coasts when it lightened its cargo. It looks like a hard winter for shore men who would keep rendezvous with ships that pass in the night and can be induced to do a little trading en route.

Prices and Prosperity

Many manufacturers still complain that buying is of the hand-to-mouth variety—that the retailer will buy only what will move over his counters with celerity. So the wholesaler has to operate in the same way, and the manufacturer worries.

There is nothing surprising about this if we recall what happened only a little more than a year ago. Then there were acute market shortages of goods. The wholesaler took what the manufacturer would give him—on the manufacturer's terms. The retailer was in the same position with the wholesaler. It had been going on for months and months and seemingly would never end. So, believing that, every branch of business bought extravagantly at high prices and was able to sell only sparingly at higher prices still. All the time that there were acute market shortages of goods there were great speculative surpluses held off the markets just because prices were rising.

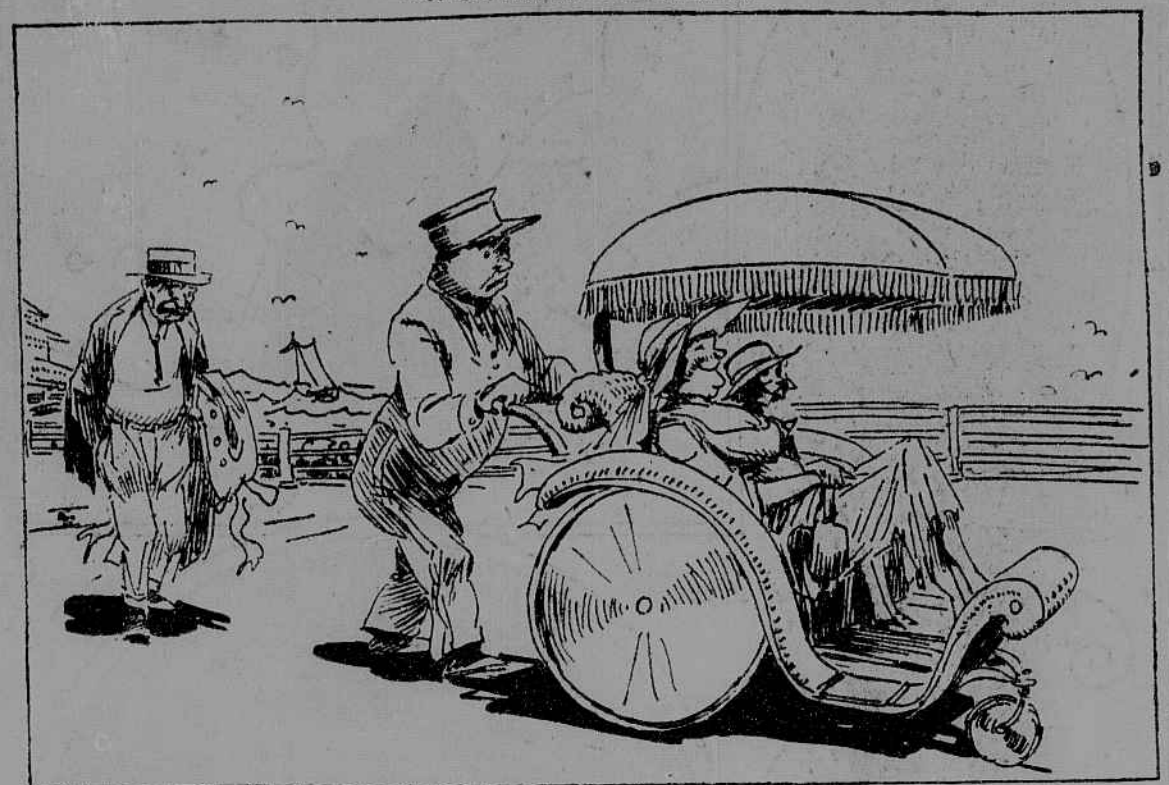
Then things turned. Prices fell a little and part of the speculative accumulations came on the market. Prices fell a little more—and then all at once everybody wanted to sell. With the vanishing or restriction of the markets for goods, production inevitably fell and there was unemployment and depression.

But mark this—all the time that this depression has been under way the consumption of goods has out-run the production of goods. That is, the speculative surpluses accumulated during the fantastic post-war inflation have been steadily drawn upon to make up the difference between output and consumption. And there is much evidence now to show that these surpluses are approaching a state of exhaustion. Presently consumption will have to be filled out of current production, rather than out of the production of a previous period. That means that business revival is not far distant.

But it may mean more than that if the hand-to-mouth buying policy is continued. It may mean the process we have just discussed reversed. That is, if the surpluses reach the point of actual exhaustion before industry is prepared to meet the demand, prices will rise very fast. Some day a retailer who has been buying next week's supplies this week may be told by his dealer that deliveries next week are impossible.

WE'LL NEVER HAVE WORLD PEACE UNTIL SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT THIS

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Her idea of a perfect vacation



His idea of a perfect vacation

—there is not enough to go around. If that happens in enough instances and enough commodities a scramble for goods would certainly ensue. The high cost of living would become an issue again and wages disputes settled on present prices would be reopened.

It would be better if the prosperity which lies ahead were to come slower and on a more solid basis, for thus it would be more enduring. But whatever form it may take, or however rapid it may be, the recovery in business and price is almost here.

Fires in Zion

These be strenuous days, and nights, too, in Zion—that is, Zion, Illinois. Wilbur Glenn Voliva, inheritor of "the cloak of Elijah" and head of the Zion Church, objects to anybody else participating in the salvation of souls within the boundaries of his province other than himself and those of his anointment. But of late Zion, for some reason, has presented itself to other churches as so pregnant of possibilities that they have entered into the city even as a host.

Alarmed by this competition Voliva, who is something of a monopolist and a modernist withal, caused to be set up throughout Zion a series of billboards. In front of one invading mission a board proclaimed it the "Goat House." Another, of more explicit character and language, read:

"No gentleman, not to mention a Christian, would break into a church edifice and attempt to hold meetings or establish a counter organization. Those who do are nothing more nor less than religious bums, tramps and vagabonds. Get out of this community if you have a drop of honest blood and go and establish a settlement of your own. An ecclesiastical goat house or garbage dump has no right within this settlement."

So the "goats" and the "bums" have set to burning down the Voliva billboards, with a resultant activity on the part of that solecism which is known as Zion's fire department.

What a place of charity and gentleness and good will and collection boxes is Zion!

Beyond Our Understanding

(From The Baltimore Sun)
London has chosen the hottest mid-summer of many years to return the silk hat to popularity. Now and then we think we thoroughly understand our British brother—and then something happens to persuade us that his reasoning is entirely alien.

Bombing Tests in Review

Present Type of Dreadnought Too Vulnerable—New Design Demanded—Smaller Ship May Be Forthcoming

By Quarterdeck

There was a veritable jumble of amusing, interesting, absurd and vitally important incidents in connection with the recent naval bombing tests. Among the spectators on board the transport Henderson, representing every known profession and occupation, there were conflicting opinions, diametrically opposite conclusions, prejudiced claims, picturesque arguments and mental groupings in a vain attempt by some of the onlookers to find an "intelligent basis upon which to substantiate their foundation," as the sailor-man says. There were self-styled "naval experts," who had never cruised before except with their pens in a sea of ink! They gave, and will continue to give, beautiful proof that a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

The German targets were not more brutally and unmercifully bombed and thumped and jarred than were certain conservative naval officers and distinguished statesmen who, for months past, have been looking backward through a glass darkly instead of forward through naval binoculars into a modern naval world. Their hopes and fears alternated. Their anxiety was painful to behold. When a bomb hit they all but fainted. A miss was to them like a whiff of smelling salts. And when the Ostfriesland joined Mr. McGinty's navy their emotions were indescribable.

A Masterly Retreat

And now, after a few days' rest, some of these badly battered gentlemen are beginning to exhibit an interest in modern naval weapons. They are conducting a masterly retreat. They have not surrendered—outwardly. They are explaining they have always favored submarines and aircraft—always, but somewhat silently, we might say! We should humanely give them a chance to extricate themselves from their pathetic and helpless entanglement with the 1916 program. Let them come back gracefully and quietly to a seat in the naval band wagon of 1921. In the mean time, where is their extinguished and unlamented leader, who was so anxious to take his stand fearlessly upon the bridge of the Ostfriesland and let General Mitchell sprinkle bombs harmlessly over the Atlantic Ocean? Answer echoes, "Where?"

Interference of Weather

In the attempt to depreciate the reliability and usefulness of aircraft in naval warfare it has been claimed that certain conditions of weather may render airplanes quite helpless—fog, for instance. This is true to a certain extent. But a fog and bad weather may interfere quite as seriously with the operations of a surface fleet. And a low fog or an intermittent fog may be a positive screen for an air attack—it may place a fleet at the mercy of bombs, mines and torpedoes from unseen planes. Clouds at times are similarly an advantage to the air men. They can hide themselves and emerge at will.

Rough Sea Bothers Destroyers

As for the sea itself, it may bother destroyers and cruisers and help aircraft. There was an example of this in the gun attack on two German destroyers. A division of our destroyer flotilla attempted to attack at 32 knots. The sea would have been called "smooth" by a sailor. To be sure, there were whitecaps and a light swell. Nevertheless, the commander of the attacking division was compelled to make official signal that there was so much motion on his destroyers at 32 knots that he could not hit the target, and he was forced to slow down to about 20 knots. Even at that speed forty 5-inch shells were fired at each destroyer without sinking either of them. At this time, under these weather conditions, airplanes could have fired with accuracy, while the enemy destroyer, rolling and pitching, would have found its anti-aircraft guns more useless than they are ordinarily. We must be fair to the airmen.

Gun Vs. Bomb

The sinking of the three destroyers affords an example of the relative effectiveness of guns and bombs in actually sending a ship to the bottom. It required only a few medium-sized bombs to sink a German destroyer, whereas it required the combined efforts of a destroyer and a battleship of the Atlantic fleet, firing a total of 150 five-inch shells, to sink each of two destroyers! And the last one floated so long and so persistently that preparations were made to sink her with depth charges. She did not sink until 7 p. m.

Needn't Sink a Ship

There is nothing new in the statement that a bomb may be more effective than a gun in actually sinking a ship. Everybody knows that one torpedo, or one mine, or one bomb, if it hits, may sink the biggest ship, whereas the same ship will endure a terrific bombardment by guns.

But it is not necessary to actually sink a man-of-war to put her out of action or to practically destroy her as a fighting machine. If her steering gear is disabled, her boilers or engines wrecked, her fire-control damaged, her upper works blown off and her personnel killed or stunned she will be quite helpless. We need not sink her.

We must be fair to the gun as well as to the air force. Although it required 150 5-inch shells to sink a German destroyer, any one of these shells might have put her out of action. Similarly, although many small 25-pound bombs failed to sink her, and several larger bombs were required to send her down, it is nevertheless true that one 25-pound bomb might have disabled her machinery or boilers, blown up her magazine, exploded her depth charges and torpedoes and put her out of action.

Plunging Fire

But the fact remains that torpedoes, mines and heavy bombs are the most effective of all weapons in actually sinking a ship. There is one exception—when a big gun shell lands on the deck of a ship at long range and penetrates down into her magazines. Even a dreadnought may not survive a single salvo of 14 or 16 inch shells fired at a range of 25,000 yards. Her upper deck will not resist the plunging fire of such heavy shells. Her vertical armor is no protection when the thinly clad upper deck becomes the target. Horizontal armor is now demanded therefore, to protect the dreadnought from long-range gunfire as well as from heavy bombs. And, at the same time, her under-water body must be armored and minutely subdivided to protect her from bombs, mines and torpedoes.

Conclusion

From the above it is plain that the present type of dreadnought can neither resist modern gunfire nor modern under-water attack. It is pitifully vulnerable. We can't afford to spend \$45,000,000 for a ship so weak. It is safe to predict that no nation will be so short-sighted as to lay the keel of another dreadnought of the present type. It may, perhaps, complete those now building if they are near completion, not otherwise. The big gun ship of the future will be of new design. It may be smaller, with fewer guns—a turretless, for instance, running awash.

In the mean time we are justified in saying that the airplane carrier is a capital ship. It may prove to be the equal of a battle-cruiser in war on the sea.

On Selecting Judges

Should They Be Elected or Appointed, With Life Tenure

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: The Citizens Union advocates that judges be appointed and not elected. This is a question that should be closely studied and the pros and cons fully discussed by those who have had experience before the courts.

The question must be looked at from two separate and distinct aspects. (1) To elect the best man. (2) To get the man elected as far away as possible from personal or political influence. The best lawyer doesn't necessarily make the best judge, but sometimes the reverse. Personal knowledge, acquaintance or friendship with the candidate by the average voter isn't the best qualification for judgment. Often it is the worst, as the average voter "feels," but doesn't reason. I think that lack of personal knowledge of the candidates would produce better all round average results. The Bar Association, on the whole, is better qualified to say who would make a good judge than any one else. If the elective system be continued then it should be combined with the statutory prior endorsement of the Bar Association, and the election of judges should take place at times other than that for election of Federal, state or municipal officers.

In considering the question of appointing judges, we are up against the appointing power. It would require to be entirely apart from politics and upon this I have no suggestion to make; given the proper appointing power appointing judges would be much better than electing them.

Considering the way the judges are elected it is astonishing that we have high-caliber men. This doesn't mean that we haven't "brainless stupidity" in a few cases, from the Supreme Court down.

I think that the term of judges in every court should be for life, retiring at, say seventy, with a liberal pension, but subject to strict rules for prior removal by some independent power on charges. This would make them independent of voters and politics.

The administration of justice is the most important of all government functions.

STEWART BROWNE.
New York, Aug. 4, 1921.

Diplomacy by Conference

(From The Montreal Daily Star)
The summoning of a disarmament conference at Washington marks the beginning of a new era in the conduct of international affairs. Diplomacy has ceased to be an art; it has become a business. This does not imply that all the old weapons of the diplomat are to be discarded as useless. The suave manner, the courteous address, the sympathy that is born of culture and the tact that is the lubricant of human relations, will still be valuable assets in the stock-in-trade of the international negotiator. The human factor in diplomacy does not disappear just because the rules of the game are altered. Yet the baser elements of the art which flourished in the courts of Europe for centuries will gradually fall into abeyance. The day has passed when the embassies of the world's great capitals were the centers of international intrigue, with each ambassador moving as warily as a chess champion, intent only on the winning of the game.

A Week of Verse

The Two Houses

(From The Dial)
In the heart of night,
When farmers were not near,
The left house said to the house on the right,
"I have marked your rise, O smart new-comer here!"

The other replied,
"Newcomer here I am,
Hence, stronger than you with your cracked old hide,
Loose casements, wormy beams and doors that jam."

"Modern my wood,
My hangings fair of hue;
While my windows open as they should,
And water-pipes thread all my chambers through."

"Your gear is gray,
Your face wears furrows untold."
—"Yours might," said the other, "if you held, brother,
The Presences from aforetime that I hold."

"You have not known
Men's lives, deaths, toils and tears:
You are but a heap of stick and stone:
A new house has no sense of the have-beens."

"Vold as a drum
You stand: I am packed with these,
Though, strangely, living dwellers who come
See not the phantoms all my substance sees."

"Babes new-brought forth
Obeyes my rooms; straight-stretched
Lank corpses, are outborne to earth:
Yes, throng they as when first from the void unfetched!"

"Note here within
The bridegroom and the bride,
Who smile and greet their friends and kin,
And down my stairs depart for tracts untried."

"Where such in be
A dwelling's character
Takes theirs, and a vague semblance
To them in all its limbs and light and atmosphere."

"—Will the day come,"
Said the new-built, awestruck, faint,
"When I shall lodge shades dim and dumb—
And with such spectral guests become acquaint?"

"—That will it, boy:
Such shades will people thee,
Each in his misery,irk, or joy,
And print on their presences as on me!"

THOMAS HARDY.

The Idlers

(From The London Mercury)
THE gypsies lit their fires by the chalk-pit gate. Now,
And the hopped horses snuggled in the further dusk and dew;
The gnats flocked round the smoke like idlers as they were
And through the goss and bushes the owls began to churr.

An all above the woods the last of sunset glowed
With a dusky gold that filled the pond beside the road;
The crickets had done, the locusts all silent lay;
And the carrier's clattering wheels went past and died away.

The gypsies lolled and gossiped, and ate their stolen swedes,
Made merry with mouth-organs, worked toys with pits of reeds:
The old wives puffed their pipes, high as black as their hair,
And not one of them all seemed to know the name of care.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

The Eternal

(From The Poetry Review)
HERE in the garden where alone
I walk amid green quiet ways,
I hear a whisper'd undertone
Of Pagan and forgotten days.

Sweet odors of the Earth are here,
That to the jaded spirit bring
Glad promise of another year,
Deep woodnotes of another spring.

The old Hellenic days, though dead,
And pipes of Pan, though silent now,
Still the warm, luscious grapes grow red
On Samos and on Chios' brow.

And hark! the silver muted reeds
Of Zephyr as he glideth by
Tell our outworn and warring creeds
The old religions never die.

Before me through the beaded grass
I hear the footfall of the Hours—
The triumphs of the Ages pass,
But not the beauty of the flowers.

DOUGLAS CARSWELL.

Epigrams

(From Poets)
The Poet
UP LEAPED the lark in flight,
And saw the dawn
Singing above the night.

The Beggar
The tul